

Good 401 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

**Here you have
"Breathing—or living—
or what is much more,
sitting space"**

EVERY city has its park. Central Park, New York, the Tiergarten in Berlin, the Bois de Boulogne in Paris, the Prater in Vienna, and the Castellana in Madrid, are all famous city parks, but none of them, in my opinion, possesses the peculiar charm of Hyde Park. (Avers Derek Alexander)

London's Hyde Park is a world alone to me—its rustic beauty, its benches and walks are a link between past and present, happiness and sorrow. Take a magic carpet trip over London's beauty spot and look down. What do you see? Just trees and roads and water.

But that is from a distance—pick up your telescope and focus between the Bayswater-road and Knightsbridge, Park Lane and Kensington Gardens. Now what do you see?

Highways, fishermen and foreigners, restaurants and riders, cranky politicians and Chelsea Pensioners, females of fashion, fools of fortune, plutocrats and peasants.

I often wonder whether the people I see in the park think as I do about this green and pleasant patch. Do they, or you know that the Serpentine is filled by a pump from a well in St. James's Park? Do you know that if you hire a boat you must not take any intoxicating drinks aboard with you?

Do you know that "Rotten Row" is a corruption of Route du Roi, the name of the road in 1689, so called because William III (Prince of Orange) used the road as a carriage-way from Whitehall to Kensington?

The statue of Achilles is not really Achilles—did you know that? Are you aware that it is a copy of the Dioscuri on the Monte Cavallo at Rome? This statue has an interesting story. It was the first nude erected in this country, and its appearance about 120 years ago caused quite a stir. The main reason why the public were so deeply

shocked was because the statue was a gift from the women of England to the Duke of Wellington.

Few realise that the Crystal Palace once stood in Hyde Park.

The Great Exhibition of 1851 covered 18 acres of Hyde Park, and the wrought-iron gates at Princess Gate, near the Albert Memorial, are the gates of the Exhibition.

The Exhibition was opened by Queen Victoria on May 1, 1851. Financially, this first of all international exhibitions was a big success, and the proceeds were invested in the land on which the Albert Hall and the South Kensington Museums now stand.

But you have seen the twentieth century Hyde Park and you will have your own opinion—but do you know how it all came about—when and how the rights were won for the people?

The story started nearly two thousand years ago, when the Romans cut the northern and eastern boundaries of Hyde Park and made the original Marble Arch traffic crossing through the forest surrounding Londinium.

Park-lane is the Roman Watling-street, and Bayswater-road the Via Trinobantia.

Hyde Park was originally the Saxon manor of Eia, so called, because it was nearly an ey, or island, being bounded by the Westbourne and the Tyburn, both of which rivers now serve London as sewers.

When William arrived, he gave Hyde Park to Geoffrey de Manville for services rendered at Hastings.

Hyde Park did not stay long in Geoffrey's hands.

The Abbots of Westminster buried his wife, Athelais, in



Westminster Abbey, and Geoffrey said he would like this done for himself too.

The Abbots agreed on the condition that he gave them the park.

Henry VIII cast his eyes on the park as a hunting ground that would stretch from his palace at Westminster to Hampstead. So he made the monks "exchange" Hyde Park for a priory at Hurley, in Berkshire.

As soon as Henry had possession of Hyde Park he fenced and enclosed it for the preservation of game.

For over a century Hyde Park was a famous royal hunting ground. Henry VIII, Edward VI, Elizabeth and James I, all hunted there.

It was autocratic Charles I, who, of his own freewill, declared the Park to be public property. It was a revolutionary act, and, in opening Hyde Park, he began a new phase in the social life of London.

Immediately it became a great social resort, with horse-racing, foot-racing, and Morris-dancing, until Cromwell had all this "wickedness" stopped.

Looked gentle but was "Bag o' Tricks"

John King talks of the "Wizards of Willow"

WHEN Alfred Percy Freeman slowly made his way to the crease, and gently lobbed the ball down the wicket, he did not suggest the bundle of tricks and brainy bowler he really was.

Perhaps the batsman would send the ball crashing to the square-leg boundary; might even repeat the feat with the next ball. But when he again made a similar stroke he was, more often than not, caught by the man placed in the usual "open space" by Freeman.

"Tich" Freeman, small of stature, big in heart, and possessing more than the average amount of cricket genius, "kidded" more famous batsmen out than any other bowler of his generation.

His deliveries looked simplicity itself from the ring, but his wonderful record proves how wrong this assumption was. In 1928, for instance, he captured 308 wickets, the highest on record, and it was all done by "simplicity."

A natural "spinner," he combined brilliantly with Leslie Ames behind the Kent stumps, and between them these two brought off some amazing feats.

An Essex "scout" spotted Freeman many years ago playing for a junior side, and he was given a few outings with the Club and Ground side. Essex, however, did not persevere with him and lost yet another great player in the making, for Kent signed him, developed his uncanny wizardry, a skill that on no fewer than three occasions resulted in him taking all ten wickets in an innings.

Always a joker, "Tich" delighted in walking out with that Kentish giant, Frank Woolley, and it was an amusing sight to see the "long and the short" of Kent striding out to the wicket.

One of his strangest experiences was when he was reserve for an England team playing in South Africa.

During one match, Major Stanyforth, of Yorkshire, who was keeping wicket, was hurt, so "Tich" had to don the pads and wicket-keeping gloves! And a grand display the little man gave behind the "sticks," although, as he explained to me later, the Major's pads were a little tight underneath the arms!

Freeman's great friend and team-mate, Frank Woolley, has always been called the "Prince of Left-Handers." Certain is it that there have been few batsmen to equal the grace and hitting power of this man of Kent, who hit 123 centuries in first-class cricket, played for England on thirty-one occasions (twenty-nine times in succession) and scored the highest

aggregate of runs in a season in between the two wars—3,352 in 1928.

What was it that made Frank Woolley such a delightful batsman to watch? Firstly I should say an uncanny eye and superb judging of the flight of a ball.

In the field, just as at the crease, the "giant of Kent" could be relied upon to stop any ball that might go his way, but he only reached such proficiency after many years of patient practice in his local recreation ground at Tonbridge.

GETTING THE BIRDS.

As for his hitting power, I have seen him, at Canterbury, hit a ball so hard that a flock of birds, pecking at the grass, could not get away before it was among them, and left behind three dead!

Frank Woolley is one of the traditional type of light-hearted Kentish batsmen who originated, to a certain extent, from the great Alfred Mynn.

Although he played in the days when cricketers wore top hats, Mynn did as much as any other man to popularise cricket in the South. He was a great believer in the rivalry between Northern and Southern Counties over cricket because it meant a growing interest in the game.

Once, when Mynn was on a business trip, he visited Sheffield, where a local cricketer claimed that he was the finest all-rounder in the world, and stated that he was prepared to take on anyone in a single-wicket match at one hundred pounds a side.

Alfred Mynn, out for fun, accepted the offer, and gave the Yorkshireman a severe beating.

Two days later, when in Sheffield, he saw the cricketer he had beaten trying to sell some furniture.

"What are you up to?" asked the Kent captain.

The reply surprised him. The Yorkshire player had been so confident of winning the hundred pounds that he had spent it before the match had even been played, hence the furniture sale!

Always a good sportsman, Mynn, with a smile, pulled out the leather purse containing the wager and handed it back to the Sheffielder with the warning: "Here's your money—but don't go on thinking you're the world's best any longer."

A classic batsman, and a

good bowler, Mynn inspired many youths in the South to become cricketers, and to him Kent, and other counties bordering the hop county, owe a great deal.

Many years ago, after England had been heavily defeated by Australia in Test Matches, one sporting paper, in a joke, remarked that English cricket had been killed "and the remains would be cremated and the ashes taken to Australia."

When the next England team visited the Commonwealth it was under the captaincy of the Hon. Ivor Bligh, of Kent (afterwards the Earl of Darnley) and its great aim was to recapture the imaginary ashes.

It was successful, and defeated Australia. To mark the event a party of Melbourne ladies presented the Kent and England captain with a tiny urn supposed to contain the ashes. Around it was a scroll which, in very neat verse, told how the England team had secured its revenge.

To make the story even more interesting, the lady who presented Lord Darnley with the urn afterwards became the Countess of Darnley, and one of the greatest cricket enthusiasts in the South Country.

Darnley was a fine captain and a hard-hitting batsman, but Kent's finest contribution to England in this respect was A. P. F. Chapman. A joyous spirit, on and off the field, he was a terrific hitter and a wonderful fieldman, who specialised close to the wicket.

He would "get on top" of the crease even when the most daring batsman was in action, and scores of remarkable saves were made by "Percy," as he was known in this country and Australia, where he captained England so successfully.

Even as a boy of eleven he showed great possibilities by scoring a century. Two years later, for Oakham School, "Percy" hit over two hundred in a single innings.

His cheery personality, good looks, and hard-hitting, brought with it a freshness and life much-needed to first-class cricket. Once, when Kent lost cheap wickets just before stumps were drawn, he went out to bat with his sweater over an ordinary shirt, collar and tie, and wearing civilian shoes. He played out time.

Short Odd—But True

Army vehicles are now provided with tyres treated by a secret process which makes them almost impervious to rifle and machine-gun bullets.

Eider ducks line their nests with down which they pluck from their breasts. Eider down is so elastic that a pound or two of it will fill an ordinary bed covering.

Commandos was a name first given to bodies of Boers who took part in the South African War. Their harassing tactics were a thorn in the side of the British forces.

A Staffordshire farmer recently received this letter: "The Committee wish to notify you that four Land Army girls are being sent to you for thrashing. If they do not prove suitable, please inform the War Agricultural Committee."

Goebbels' short odd, but untrue: "In England, the buying and selling of children has been developed into a proper industry. There are proper companies which trade in children, whose prices are listed up to £500 or £600."

In Tudor days the men who made the cannons had also to fire them in battle. Presumably an anti-sabotage measure!

**Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1**



DAMN THE LAW!

PART 15

ALBAN HARBOROUGH was killed between twelve and one o'clock in the morning, but by whom? And why? For an hour I indulged the wildest surmises, some of them damnably unpleasant. The Devil's Advocate in me propounded a terribly plausible case against Beth herself. She had motive; she had perjured herself; she, self-confessed, was on the scene. Not that I believed it for a moment, but the case was none the less strong and alarming.

I considered Palmer, a man possibly with a lot to lose if Ivor were arrested for blackmail. Probably he was wanted by the American police, undoubtedly he was carrying on a very crooked game at the "Ship." Palmer was suspect. So was Emily Long. It was just the sort of thing a woman of unrestrained passion might have done.

However I looked at it, I could see no possible defence for Harborough without involving Beth, nor means of saving her without deserting Harborough.

I drove home, and went at once to bed, though not to sleep. And before seven the next morning Mrs. Foreman was at my door to say that Moon wanted to see me. I told her to bring him up.

MOON was tousled and unshaven, his clothes stained and his boots thick with mud. He waited for the door to close, then he said in an awed voice:

"Mr. Arnold, my wife says Mr. Harborough have been and killed himself. It's a lie, sir. He were set upon; he've been murdered." Moon was always richly Suffolk in moments of excitement.

His news startled me. I reassured him about Harborough's condition.

"Thank God for that, sir," he

said. "When she told me I come straight round to you. But I asked, 'How do you know he was set upon, Moon?'"

"Because that's what I heard them talking about, only I didn't understand what it were then," he said.

"Who was talking?" I put in. "Charlie Croft and Emily—to Mr. Ivor, sir. And he got them to do it. Sir, it's horrible. What do it mean?"

"It is horrible, Moon," I said. "Now tell me as simply as you can all about it."

At first his story was confused, and I had frequently to break in on it to get things clear. He had endeavoured to follow my instructions faithfully, and had picked up odd scraps of information.

He had learned that Charlie Croft was employed by Palmer to look after a couple of boats belonging to the "Ship" and take visitors on duck shooting or fishing expeditions. Croft lived in a lonely cottage on the marsh, not far from the boathouse.

After dark he had determined to investigate Croft's cottage.

"I had my torch, and I had a good look round inside," he said, "and it was much about the same as when I last saw it, old gear and stuff all lying about. It was a dirty old night outside, sir, raining and blowing hard. I was glad of the shelter, and I sat there on a box, thinking and wondering if there was anything more I could do; a long time I sat there in the dark. Then I heard a noise. I reckon it were some old rat at first."

Moon told his tale simply and with unconscious drama. "But, sir, the noise grew louder. A queer hollow sort of noise. And all of a sudden I know. It were somebody moving in the cellars. Sir, I saw a crack of light in the floor over in

Open Verdict By Richard Keverne

the corner, and I only just got out in time. There was a trap door lifting, and I saw the top of a man's head as I went. I was down on my belly outside the door quicker than you could say knife. Regular surprised, I was. Then I saw a fellow come out, like a fisherman he was dressed, and I says to myself that's Charlie Croft, and he'll be up to no good. And then, sir, he stops, near as I am to you, and lights a cigarette. And Mr. Arnold, it give me a real turn. The light shows on his face, and it's Mr. Ivor I was looking at; Mr. Ivor, who was supposed to be dead."

The most important part of his tale came then. Moon had gone back intending to investigate the "kettle house." Just to make sure that Ivor had returned to the "Ship," he had had another look at Croft's cottage on his way, and as he prowled carefully around had heard voices raised in anger. He had, as he put it, "slipped close up to the cottage" to listen.

"There was Emily cursing and swearing at Mr. Ivor like a mad thing," Moon said.

What it amounted to was that Emily Long and her brother were demanding money promised them by Ivor for "settling Harborough." Moon thought at first that this referred to Alban Harborough, and that the scraps of conversation he overheard, crouching close to the cottage window, were of a callous con-

fession of Alban's murder. But some statements did not quite fit; references to that same night and the promise of money made earlier in the day.

Ivor had repeatedly insisted that he hadn't got it yet and tried to placate them. There had been a sinister threat from Emily, "I see what I see, and I'll open my mouth if I like," and Ivor had cursed her and said that if she opened her mouth she was more likely to put a rope round her own neck than his.

"Round her's, you mean," she had said, in a scream, as Moon described it. He said Emily Long's retort meant nothing to him, to me it came as a staggering blow. I guessed its significance in a moment. Emily Long had seen Miss Lockwood on the beach that night, and if she "opened her mouth," that was what she meant to tell.

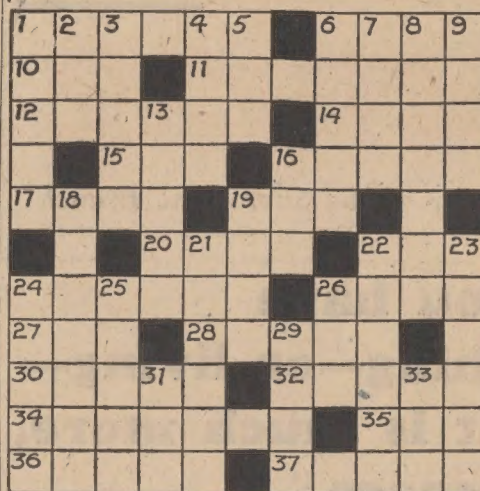
WHAT did it all mean? Sheer black disaster for Beth, though more hope for Harborough, was about all I could make of it, and the major problem—who killed Alban Harborough?—was more obscure than ever. That obscurity was maddening. But for Beth Lockwood's appalling position I would have gone at once to the Chief Constable, put my cards on the table and left him to get on with the unravelling of the story.

The day had begun badly; it grew worse. My morning paper told me that poor John Corby had died of his injuries.

Immediately after breakfast I drove to the hospital. I must, I knew, make every effort to learn Harborough's version of what happened to him over night. I found Inspector Mace in the hall. He was noticeably more friendly.

"I thought you'd be coming in,

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Onset.
- 6 Dinghy.
- 10 Insect.
- 11 Reticence.
- 12 Steel.
- 14 Secure.
- 15 Disseminate.
- 16 Vegetable dish.
- 17 Part of oboe.
- 19 Triumphed.
- 20 Firm hold.
- 22 Fish.
- 24 Show.
- 25 Traditions and facts.
- 27 Space of time.
- 28 Indian State.
- 30 Felt concern.
- 32 Ooze out.
- 34 Absorb.
- 35 Witty remark.
- 36 Vapour.
- 37 Trace of colour.

A CURLING W
CLOSE TORCH
RAVE G DALE
ICE RAP FOE
DETRIMENTAL
RUMBRA K
RASPI TORE
ATTENTION
MOREL PYLON
PRO OBE EMU
S PLEASED I

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Hate.
- 2 Drink.
- 3 Concise.
- 4 Ship's company.
- 5 Range of sight.
- 6 Commenced.
- 7 Verbal.
- 8 Airman.
- 9 Look after.
- 13 Elude.
- 16 Soak.
- 18 Graceful.
- 19 Trick.
- 21 Haphazard.
- 22 Pillar.
- 23 Strike out.
- 24 Runs fast.
- 25 Brink.
- 26 Negligent.
- 29 Nuisance.
- 31 Age.
- 33 Lurcher.

sir," he said, "and I wanted a word with you."

He told me that Harborough was fully conscious and had largely recovered from the effects of the drug, but he had refused point-blank to make any statement to Mace until he had seen me. "If you hadn't turned up soon, I was coming round to tell you," Mace added.

"There is no objection, I take it, to my seeing Mr. Harborough alone?" I queried.

"None, sir," I suppose I looked surprised, for he went on, "The Chief was saying perhaps you might be able to help us," and looked away innocently as he spoke.

"Perhaps I can," I said, for it was no good pretending not to understand him. "If you wait till I come down I'll let you know what Mr. Harborough says."

What Moon had overheard I kept to myself and professed immense surprise when he told me that the unknown who had telephoned to him had said he was my clerk. But to me it showed Emily Long's part in the affair. Obviously she had come late to my office to find out where I was before that fake call had been made.

Then I told him to see Mace, give him the story of the assault as baldly as he could, not to be led into any surmise of why he had been attacked or who attacked him. I lied, "You and I may be pretty sure it was Palmer and Yates, but Mace must know nothing about those swine, and if he starts questioning you, sham ill." I laughed, not very convincingly.

Then I told Mace as much of what Harborough had told as I intended him to know, and said he could go ahead and drove to Green Cottage to meet with a serious setback.

Miss Lockwood had collapsed, and Wales, a young doctor who was looking after Corby's patients in his absence, was at the moment seeking a trained nurse

to look after her. She was forbidden to see anybody, so Ida, her daily maid, told me excitedly, adding, "I think she's going to die, sir."

Despairing, I went on to my office.

TRAGEDY was crashing fast on tragedy. Every source from which I could gather any information was closing to me. John Corby dead and the doctor likely to be nearly off his head even when I could see him: Miss Lockwood crashed, and heaven alone knew what devilment going on at the "Ship" and all the while the shadow of arrest growing darker over Harborough's head.

Even if I went to Burton now and told him all I knew, I couldn't see that I should be helping anybody. I must damn Miss Lockwood and Doctor Corby. I might prove a plot against Harborough, but I had no other defence for him. If Beth should die, a possibility that terrified me, I had no one to support the story of Ivor's blackmail and threats, save the doctor. And I doubted if he would speak. Yet I felt that the whole story was there, somewhere just beyond my grasp, but slipping further and further away; so far as I could see I could do nothing.

In this despondent mood I was standing gazing through unseeing eyes from the window when I was disturbed by my clerk, who announced that Mrs. Long had called and said she had an appointment.

(To be continued)

WANGLING WORDS—342

1. Put an X in LE and get a ball game.
2. In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Het moce negrad tino duma.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change ELM into AXE and then back again into ELM, without using the same word twice.

4. Find the three hidden British towns in: Always examine the tongue of an ox, for deliberate frauds are common, mouths being often overlooked.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 341

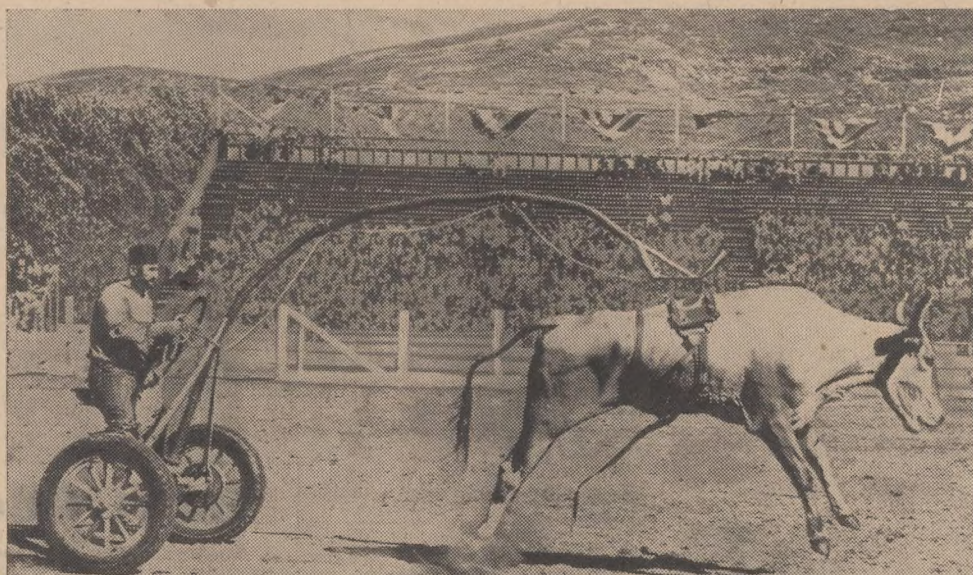
1. SupperS.
2. Let's all go down the Strand.
3. MEND, rend, read, rear, TEAR, sear, seer, seed, send, MEND.
4. W-ale-s, Card-if-f.

QUIZ for today

1. A paca is a travelling bag, bird, snuff-box, fairy, animal, fish?
2. Who wrote (a) Green Pastures, (b) Red Bread?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Minotaur, Dragon, Onager, Centaur, Unicorn, Phoenix, Roc, Griffin.
4. Do Mormons have more than one wife?
5. Why is Natal so called?
6. What is the Granite City?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Migratory, Mouldy, Mythology, Miscellany, Milliary, Mercury, Millenium.
8. About how many different languages are there in the world?
9. It takes 37, 23, 50, 55, 42 Five-Pound Notes to weigh one ounce?
10. What Northern town is famous for sweetmeats and football?
11. Road A.2 goes from London to—where?
12. Name three of the United States beginning with W.

Answers to Quiz in No. 400

1. Tendon.
2. (a) Browning, (b) John Fothergill.
3. Ironmonger does not sell food; others do.
4. 1½ miles.
5. Bruyere, the root of a heather.
6. Threepence per pack.
7. Tolerance, Thief.
8. Dice.
9. Tree.
10. A.1.
11. The Ten Commandments.
12. Whitman, Whittier, Longfellow, Poe.

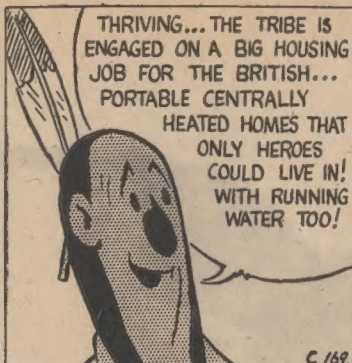


With this device, Jazbo Fulkerson, famous rodeo clown, enjoys all the thrills of bull riding without incurring the risks of suffering the usual anatomical dislocations. Maybe he thinks it a new way of "taking the bull by the horns" anyway, though we imagine it has sort of swept the amazed animal clean off its feet.

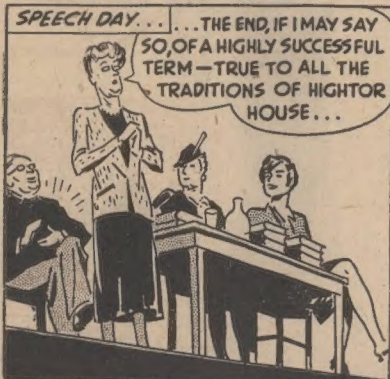
JANE



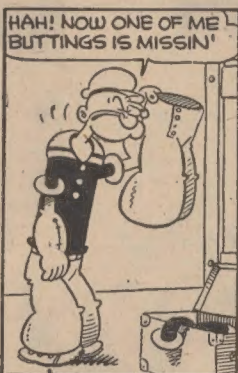
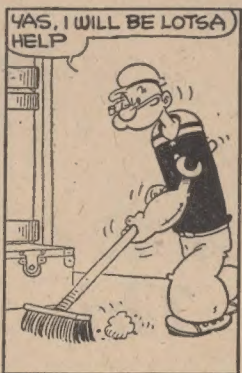
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



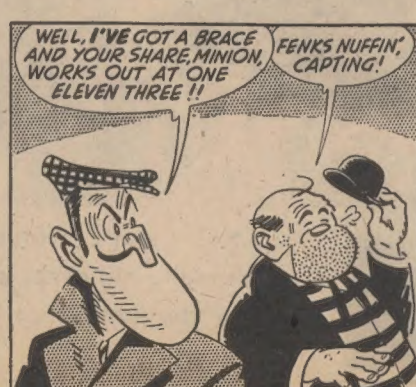
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

THOUSANDS of men in the Forces have written to the Ministry of Agriculture asking for information regarding post-war farm settlements.

To date, the Ministry has no answer for the enquirer—they are working on it. The British Legion, the National Farmers' Union and other bodies are all striving for information and guidance.

"Without such information," a spokesman told me, "the stage is all set for a repetition of the tragedies of after the last war, when thousands of ex-Servicemen sank their gratuities in poultry farms and smallholdings and lost their all through inexperience."

But the Government promise that the matter is in hand and will be dealt with effectively in due course.

Perhaps the most active body is the British Legion. In an interim report by the Planning Committee, it is said: "Our immediate concern is how best to advise ex-Servicemen desiring to find employment on the land as to the openings to be found and as to the prospects of advancement."

Stress was laid on selection of suitable types of ex-Servicemen.

To the ex-Serviceman who has had no experience on the land it is well to make it quite clear that life on a farm is fundamentally different from life in a town, and that to those who are not born and bred in the country such a life might easily prove to be altogether too irksome, monotonous and restricted—especially to their wives.

THE committee, therefore, state with all emphasis that they have no intention whatever of suggesting to any inexperienced ex-Serviceman that he should embark on a land career unless he has himself a strong urge to do so, is properly trained, and, if married, that his wife also knows what the life is like and is prepared to put up with its hardships.

Training is considered carefully, and it is pointed out that the main opening to an agricultural life is that of labourer on a farm, large or small, or on a market-garden. This is the first rung on the agricultural ladder—this is the testing period in which a man will find out whether or not the life appeals to him and he is suited to it.

It is recommended that after demobilisation he should, if considered suitable, be given at least twelve months' vocational training at a National Training Centre, and, if possible, two years, the conditions as to subsistence allowances which obtain at present at the ordinary Training Centres to be allowed.

MEN with agricultural experience who possess the necessary keenness and aptitude should be given every opportunity of improving their agricultural status by the provision of suitable courses of instruction at a Training Centre, and, where the educational background justifies, free tuition at Agricultural Colleges, with a view to qualifying for an Agricultural Science Degree.

By these means the former will be enabled to qualify for the posts of foremen or bailiffs and the latter for highly technical positions in the farming world.

One conclusion that can safely be drawn from all this talk is that a fair and far-reaching scheme is almost bound to come about—in time.

CURRENT wise-crack of Britannia Hotel's landlord is his apology for shortage of spirits. "Sorry, sir," he chirps, "that's the pity of locking Mrs. Duncan up—all the spirits are with her."

In this pseudo-Bohemian Richmond any crack is better than no crack at all, but even Tommy's wit is losing against the acute spirit shortage, I fear.

Note.—Mrs. Duncan, a spiritualist, was recently sentenced to prison resulting from a seance which was reported by the police to have been faked.

THE Women's Services Branch of the Australian Returned Soldiers' League has sent a telegram to Mr. Churchill, asking him to accept nomination as "pin-up boy" in a competition.

Oh, Winnie—you cute thing...

Ron Richards

Good
Morning

"GOSH, AND I THOUGHT IT WAS MILK"

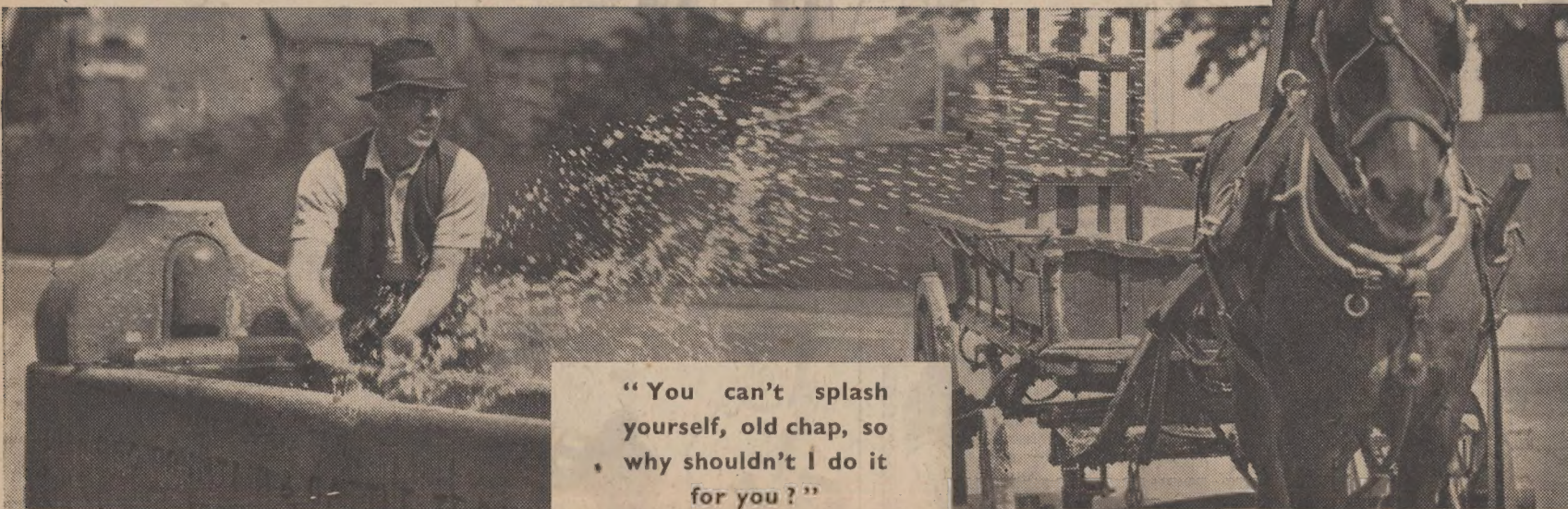


This England A vision of peace and content. View of the village church at Godshill, Isle of Wight.



Can this be the Indian Rope Trick, we wonder.

"I've just having a real serious think about life."



"You can't splash yourself, old chap, so why shouldn't I do it for you?"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Why worry, baby; it might never happen."

